

A RIDE ON A RAILROAD.

I well remember the time when the first railroad was being built in the neighborhood of Mont Blanc. Its construction was a matter of great curiosity to the people as was Barnum's Fegge mermaid, or his wooly horse; and when the train made its first trip, and the iron horse, instinct with life, came thundering over the track, thousands were there to witness the inauguration of a new era in the history of locomotion.

In those days, the record of a railroad trip possessed as much attraction for the people, as now does a description of the ascent of Mont Blanc. But we have lived fast since then; railroads have become common property, and he who has never traveled upon one is regarded with feelings of commiseration. The Locomotive has grown into an American institution, and the very voices and bears of the far West are getting accustomed to its shrill whistle and hoarse voice. Yet it is of a railroad, and of railroad traveling I am about to speak, but not, I assure you, of an ordinary railroad.

Not many miles south of one of the great thoroughfares from east to west, is a railway some ten miles in length, connecting the city of Carrollton, Carroll county, Ohio, with a branch of the Pittsburgh and Cleveland railway, which interests at Oneida. How much wire-pulling was done by the projectors of the railroad; how many meetings were held by the citizens of Carroll county before public sentiment was brought to a white heat; how lavish was the expenditure of eloquence on the part of its friends; how many unspoken hopes were entertained that Carrollton would be the great central railroad depot, where on the one hand, California would bring the riches of her mineral wealth, and on the other, New England send her importations and her manufactures; it is not for me to declare. Suffice it to say, the road was built, and cars have been running upon it for some four years.

Having occasion to travel in that part of the country, I found myself and baggage landed at the Oneida station, where, with several other passengers, I took the train for Carrollton. Before starting, however, I examined our travelling appointments, and as I have a good deal of the antiquarian about me, felt a thrill of delight on beholding the blessings which fate had in store. To begin as near the foundation as possible; there was a railway built after the good old fashioned pattern, with strap rails. How pleasant was their look of meek humility! How different from the bold, and upstart attitude of the modern T. They brought me back to the almost forgotten days of snafelike accidents, as were termed the efforts sometimes made by the loosened end of a strap rail to startle travellers by passing through the bottom of a car. But the Locomotive was what delighted me most, for I was assured, by good authority, that it was the first one brought to this country—the English style of all our iron horses. "Old Whiskey" was never approached with more reverence by the admirers of General Taylor, than I felt, when I approached "Old Blackey." Its voice indicated an asthmatic affection, its limbs were feeble with excessive toil, age had traced its impress upon its form; and the poor old slave of man will ere long, drag its last load. But it was in its fitting place, no modernized railroad would have suited it; its first experience was upon strap rails, it is well its last should be.

I am informed that the Carrollton Railroad Company has a passenger car, but however that may be, there was none used on this trip. Our train consisted of a house car laden with barrels of salt and a platform car laden with the same. We took our places upon the latter, and off started the engine, puffing and wheezing, and attaining with great effort a speed of about four miles an hour. The day was cool—as is apt to be the case with winter in December—and though the passengers felt rather chilly, all appeared to be in a good humor. There were seven or eight of us in all; the only woman in company was a Temperance lecturer, and as we also had two anti-slavery lecturers on board, it would be safe to say that the reform sentiment was fully represented on the Carrollton train. The wedding station of the company consists of an unpainted wood-pile in the woods. Their watering tank has been prepared by nature, and although to dip up with a bucket all the water the Locomotive needs is doubtless inconvenient, on the ground of primitive simplicity the plan is an attractive one.

The conductor of the train was as jovial and gentlemanly a conductor as ever I met with—obliging and communicative. I conversed with him upon the dangers of Carrollton railroad travelling, and he informed me that not unfrequently the cars ran off the track, though fortunately their speed of travel was not so great as to endanger the lives of passengers, or produce any other bad result except detention, which of course would be much less annoying, and a less positive loss of time when travelling four miles an hour, than in going forty. "Is there no danger from collisions on this road?" I queried of the conductor. "Never!" was the emphatic reply, "unless we unexpectedly meet a cow. If we see one on the track we always switch off until she passes."

The engineer impressed me as a man of skill, agility and decision. It required not only the ordinary talent of an engine driver to manage Old Blackey, but there needed to be super added to this, an eye quick to detect, and a hand prompt to adjust all displacements in the machinery. I saw that the office of engineer on the Carrollton railroad was no sinecure. About half the time he was engaged in feats of agility that would have delighted a circus manager. The upper part of his body would suddenly disappear through the window immediately in front of his stand, and while his hands were engaged in tightening a burr, his feet would be making wonderful gyrations in the air. Sometimes he would stop the engine, leap upon the ground, and commence mysteriously screwing, or unscrewing, or hammering as the necessities of the case required. My reverence for antiquities being greater than my fear of steam, by permission of the engineer, I rode for a time upon Old Blackey, and was delighted with the experiment.

Before we had accomplished half the distance to Carrollton, I had thought of proposing to the other passengers that we hold a meeting, and adopt resolutions commending the conductor for his gentlemanly treatment and safe conduct; and had it been customary on such occasions to include the engineer, I should also have alluded to his services, but you know engine driving is hardly considered respectable enough for that yet, though such opinion I regard as a great mistake. I said I had such thoughts. But alas! for the resolutions commending "Charlie," and alas! for the silver plate we might have voted him, the latter part of our journey was not so prosperous as the former. "Of all the sad words of tongue or pen, The saddest are these, it might have been."

Our mishaps commenced by jolting off one of the company's buckets; then came the more serious

affair of being obliged to detach the house car with its seventy barrels of salt, because we were not able to drag it over the up grade—salt could not save it. Next, the engine pumps refused to work, and some other derangement of machinery occurred which allowed the too rapid escape of the steam. The train came to a dead stand, water had to be thrown upon the fire, and for a short time the engine and its occupants were enveloped in a cloud of steam that hid them from mortal eyes. I was somewhat apprehensive of danger from an explosion, but remembering that when a railroad accident does occur, the engineer and conductor generally escape without harm, I concluded it would be safe for me to watch the motions of our engineer and when he ran, follow him. There was, however, no occasion for running, and the train was soon again progressing. About three hours—or perhaps less—after our departure from Oneida, we entered Carrollton in splendid style, and were received by a concourse of some three or four persons, who had assembled to witness the arrival of the Carrollton cars.

Thus ended my first ride on the Carrollton railroad, and upon the first Locomotive that ever ran in America. I shall ever remember it with the deepest satisfaction as a ride hallowed by the associations of antiquity. The Carrollton railway is one of the connecting links which bind the Present to the Past. It forcibly illustrates the American spirit of compromise, for while it is in name as in fact a railroad, and therefore to some extent identified with a progressive age, it is in practice so conservative, that those ancient gentlemen who regard ox teams as affording sufficiently fast travel, can find but little to object to in the speed of the Carrollton cars.

The character of the stock of this Company differs materially from other railroad stocks. It has no fictitious value, and is not subject to the fluctuations of tremendous advances and alarming depressions, and thus offers no inducements to speculators to buy and sell. It has a substantial bona fide value, and he who buys it, buys it to hold.

The motto of the road is "Slow, but sure," and I have been repeatedly assured they have never deviated from the plan of action herein assumed. I was told of a traveller who, on a certain occasion, overtook the train within five miles of Carrollton; the Conductor—more accommodating than Conductors usually are—politely invited him to step on board. He at first seemed disposed to comply, but looking at his watch, he said it was then 8 o'clock, and as he had to be in Carrollton by 10, he feared he could not take time to ride. There was a temptation asking for an abandonment of principle; by increasing the speed of the train, even in a slight degree, a passenger might have been secured; but the conductor was incorruptible, and the traveler walked ahead. In summer time passengers by the Carrollton train will sometimes pick berries on the road, feeling the comfortable assurance that they can easily overtake the cars without extra haste. Some also stop to transact business with those whose homes are near, and unless the detention is considerable, they never think of waiting over for another train. These and similar facts go to show that "Slow but sure" is not only the motto of the road, but the practice of its management.

There are those who now—as I did some former time—despise the day of small things, and because the Carrollton road is limited in extent, and ancient in its build, regard the company very much as was a certain political party regarded some two years since, when it was declared to be "outside of all healthy organizations." If I mistake not, the law of railroad courtesy, gives to the upper crust employees of railroads, together with their families, a free passage over any road they choose to travel. To the credit of the managers of the Carrollton railroad be it said, they have always observed this law; and to the shame of some other companies be it spoken, a few have refused to "Reciprocate." Why these are so unjust, I shall not pretend to say. I have, however, heard it suggested that the probable ground of their refusal is based upon the following assumptions:—Firstly, that the building of the Carrollton railroad involved a less expenditure of means than many who are frequent railroad travellers would pay in passage money in the course of a few years; and that, Secondly, to "Promulgate and give color" to the Carrollton railroad according to the law of railroad courtesy, would encourage the building of many other roads of a similar character by those, who having much travel to do, would construct such a railway in order to thus secure a free passage over all other railways at a far less expense than ordinary passage money. Whether such reasons exist, and if they do, whether they are valid, must be left to an intelligent public to decide.

I might say much more about this unique railway with strap rails, and its ancient Locomotive travelling one-half the time car fashion, always keeping its head toward the city of Carrollton, as if it would be disrespectful to do otherwise. But I have already made this article longer than I designed, for which the importance of the subject must be my apology.

B. S. J.

DEAR FRIEND ROBINSON: It has been my privilege of late to form acquaintance with and listen to the story of the wrongs of that unfortunate Slave mother, Sijourner Truth, who has experienced in her own person for forty years, the awful consequences of being born a slave. Of all the sufferers at the hands of tyrants, none drink so deep of the cup of sorrow and drain the very dregs of human misery, as the slave mother. It is really affecting to listen to the narrative Sijourner gives of her early life as a heathen, and her conversion to Christianity. So strong are her appeals to the sympathies of her audience, that they are often in tears. In her stable arms she bears the oppressors of her race to the feet of the lovely, gentle Jesus, and asks him to forgive. She asks the oppressor to cease to do the wrong, that she may not have to appear as "a swift witness against him." What a lesson is this to slaveholders, and slaveholders, "aiders and abettors." SOJOURNER TRUTH—the significant name she bears—is but a fair index of her character. She leaves a whole volume of truths wherever she labors in her mission of love and mercy, drawn from her own eventful life as well as from the open book of nature in which she "reads as she runs." Her first lesson was given her by her mother, who alone with her in the evening, pointed to the stars and the moon, and said, "When I am gone and your master abuses you, remember there is a God who sits in the sky." She adopted him as her teacher, of whom she has learned those lessons of love and wisdom that enlarge the soul and give it boundless sympathy. Of that education of which the tabling schoolman boasts, she knows nothing. Yet she is truly an educated woman, having graduated at the "high College," the teacher of which sits enthroned upon the universe, giving evidence of his goodness and mercy in the morning when he rolls back the darkness of night and raises the "luminary of day." Again at noon, when the

rays of the sun warm and invigorate all animal nature—at evening

"Evening's shade" is a beautiful scene.

Sijourner held six meetings in this and adjoining neighborhoods, houses filled with attentive listeners,—the tread she cast upon the waters we shall be many days gathering.

The best evidence of the successful labors of any one in any cause, is "the fruit." At the close of her last meeting, a gentleman arose and said, "Ladies and gentlemen, when one is converted he may as well own up. I have always been a Democrat and a persecutor of abolitionists; in view of that fact I couldn't look this woman in the face, so I took my seat in front of the desk with my back towards her. This woman has spoken the truth, I feel that a great work has commenced in my soul." I like that kind of preaching that "reaches the heart."

To the readers of the Bugle who have not the slightest misgiving of cast upon their souls, let me say, Do something for the poor slave-mother, by inviting Sijourner to your neighborhood (and see to it that she has a way to get there), and call meetings, help her to sell the little but interesting narrative of her life, (for her benefit as well as those who buy it,) and when you take your transition you will have the consciousness of having done at least one good deed.

I have all confidence in the great heart of the American people. Could the gospel of anti-slavery reach that heart, not a slave would be left in his chains. That heart is too much in the keeping of "spiritual advisers" and unprincipled political leaders, whose blind zeal for "democracy and the Union" has incited and outwitted their souls to that extent, that they make all fair in politics, be it lying, cheating and the worst of trickery; and those who excel best at the game, are promoted to the highest office. The people have been so often deceived by their guides, that they are losing confidence in them and are beginning to think for themselves. The small amount of free speech that is tolerated in some parts, has sent the whole country in convulsions. Free discussion, close criticism, thorough investigation, will gain the victory for the "brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God."

Yours for universal liberty,
CHARLES E. MICKLEY.
FAIRFIELD, Mich., Dec. 12, 1856.

A WORD TO BOOK BUYERS.

MARIE: The untiring, but very conscientious Principal of the Sandwich Union School, has published a book, modestly entitled "Moral Lessons." The title is exceedingly appropriate. The compilation contains nothing scientific, except what appertains to Ethics. Nothing fanciful or exaggerated.

The lessons are brief and simple; replete with instruction in relation to our duties; set forth in concise narrative. But the peculiar excellence of T. M. Cowdrey's book will be found in its questions for "special and varied applications." In these there is a marked deviation from the marginal routine of popular school books in this, that to answer them, the scholar is required to think rather than to remember.

It would be a pleasant and profitable employment to discuss those questions in the family circle, by the evening fire side, previous to its introduction as a school book, and this will be, as soon as parents and preceptors shall be prepared to appreciate Truth for its inherent quality, irrespective of embellishment—shall learn to prefer a woman in plain attire to a belle decorated in the most appropriate fashion.

Who can fail to wonder how in so good a selection, the Slave's wrongs are unnoticed? True, the principle that would free him is clearly laid down, and the enquiry outrides itself, in the "special application" less needful here, than in cases of less frequent, and less painful suffering?

It is hoped that the author is too much of a man to be deterred from demanding justice, until public opinion demands it of him. One on the high moral plane which he occupies, should lead, not lead. Let him be assured that popular sentiment is far in the rear of his incantations. What are precepts to be living truths to the compiler, are only veritable abstractions to many readers; but let him not be discouraged; "Moral Lessons" will disturb the rest of sleepers; in future works let him wake them up, not so much by "varied" as "special application."

Call for the book at McMillan's; take a chair in the corner; read the article "Carefully listen to conscience, and always obey its commands" page 87. If you think it really good, buy two copies, one for home use, and one to lend to poor people. If you do not wish your children's integrity to exceed the popular standard, lay the book down, pronounce it insipid, and say "Joel, have you the history of Whittington and his cat, the Mother goose story book, or other books with odd colored pictures that will please my children, at small cost?"

G.

MEETING IN COLUMBIANA.

M. R. Robinson will lecture in Columbianna, Saturday evening, Jan. 3d, and on Sunday, either at Columbianna or in the vicinity as the friends may decide.

Receipts for the Bugle for the week ending Dec. 31.

Abraham Bowman, Massillon,	\$1.00-616
J. R. Reave, Rome,	2.00-651
Hannah Hiles, New Garden,	75-586
W. L. Green, Hudson,	3.00-653
John Deming, Salem,	1.50-586
Eliza T. Franz, Garden Grove,	1.50-635
Ann Harris, Mt. Union,	75-595
Wm. Young, Twinsburg,	2.00-693
Wm. Johnson, Sharon Centre,	20-585
Thomas Rhodes, Akron,	2.80-686
Barclay Brosius, Mt. Union,	4.00-635
Samuel Holmes, Leesville,	1.50-635
Allice Roby,	1.00-600
John M. Holmes, Cantonment,	50-623
Crawford Voorber, Scio,	1.50-607
Mary E. Adams,	1.00-642
Dr. Samuel Stockton,	1.50-635
Dr. William Custer,	1.50-635
James Houser,	1.50-635
John Giles,	2.00-585
M. H. Conaway, Archer,	3.00-621
O. B. Boone, Montpelier,	3.00-610
Erasmus Case, Rootstown,	1.50-656
Thomas C. Heighon,	50-673
J. H. Simmons, Remsen Corner,	1.50-611
Curtis Gould, Litchfield,	2.00-644
Edward Lewis, Austintown,	2.00-700

MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH writes for The Saturday Evening Post. See Prospectus in another place.

PITTSBURGH, FORT WAYNE AND CHICAGO RAILROAD.

Trains now run through direct on this road from Pittsburgh to Chicago. A change in the time of the passenger trains took place on Monday of this week. As now arranged, trains going West pass Salem as follows:

1st Passenger Express, 5.42, A. M.
Mail, 9.37, A. M.
2nd Express, 12.20, P. M.
6.10, P. M.

GOING EAST.

2nd Express, 1.57, A. M.
Mail, 9.37, A. M.
1st Express, 5.43, P. M.

This arrangement will suit our local business men better than the old one. Persons may now leave Salem in the morning and visit either Cleveland or Pittsburgh, spending three or four hours in either place and return in the evening train.

The Great Family Weekly Paper.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER has now attained the extraordinary circulation of One Hundred and Ninety Thousand copies. The LEDGER is devoted to POLITE LITERATURE, ORIGINAL TALES, SKETCHES, POETRY, ESSAYS, GOSSIP, CURRENT NEWS, and maintains a high moral tone. It is everywhere acknowledged to be the best family paper in the world. Hence its extraordinary and unheard of popularity. Mr. BONNER, the proprietor of the LEDGER, employs the best talent in the country, and by so doing makes the best paper. Such writers as Fanny Fern, Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., and Emerson Bennett, are permanently engaged on it, and will write for no other paper hereafter. Mr. Sigourney, who constantly writes for it; so do a host of other popular authors, including Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth, Allice Roby, Mrs. Vaughan, Mary W. Stanley Gibson, Clara Sidney, &c., &c. The LEDGER is beautifully illustrated every week.

The NEW YORK LEDGER is printed on beautiful white paper, and is composed of eight pages, making the handsome weekly paper in the country. It is published every Saturday and Sunday, and news offices in every city and town throughout the country, and is mailed for subscribers at two dollars per annum; two copies are sent for three dollars. Any person obtaining eight subscribers at \$1.50 each, (which is our lowest club rate,) and sending us \$12 will be entitled to one copy gratis. Terms invariably in advance. Address letters to—

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Publisher of NEW YORK LEDGER,
44 Ann Street, New York.

N. B.—Now is a good time to subscribe, as EMERSON BENNETT'S Great Original Novel of FRONTIER LIFE, will be commenced in the LEDGER on the first of January—2c.

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S. D. HARRIS, Columbus, O.,
Editor and Publisher.

New Series for 1856.

THE HOME JOURNAL.

EDITED BY MORRIS AND WILLIS.

We have the pleasure to return our most grateful thanks to the readers of the Home Journal, for the greatly enlarged audience with which we have been honored in 1856, and to offer our respects, and the promise of our continued best services, for the year before us. With the privileged heart that we have now secured, at the firesides of our whole vast country, it is only natural that we should feel additional responsibility, while, at the same time, we gird up our energies for new varieties of industry and enterprise.

The paper for the coming year is to be printed on new type, and its pre-eminence of clearness and legibility, so valuable to the eye and so needful for family paper, is to be still more marked.

Our contents for 1857, we need scarcely say, will be as varied as the Life with which we keep pace. Time and the ever-changing World are the great baskets out of which we pick Wisdom and Amusement as we go—the exhaustless variety of events and occurrences, and the ever-varying characters, exhaustless themes and subjects of interest.

The Editors will still continue to devote their time and abilities exclusively to the Home Journal.

N. P. Willis proposes, in addition to his usual pictures of home life and rural family sympathies and interests, out-door and in, to give more of the Sketches, Songs, Ballads, etc., suggested by the history and events of the passing time.

George P. Morris, besides his usual constant labors upon the several departments of the paper, will make it the work of his life to broaden first the scope of the paper, and then to broaden the history and events of the passing time.

T. B. Aldrich has in preparation a Prose Poem, to be entitled *The Rose of Glen Lodge*; and this will be published in numbers, from week to week. Besides the labors of the Editors, the Home Journal will contain—

The communications of a brilliant list of original contributors:

—The core and history of new publications;

—The floating stories, brief romances, sparkling wit, fun and anecdote of the day;

—Poetry, pathos and romance;

—Personal sketches of the conspicuous characters of the time;

—The stirring scenes of daily life;

—The chronicle of news for the Ladies;

—The Fashions;

—The valuable information, as to statistics, discoveries and great events;

—Criticism of current literature;

—And all that can be gathered, to interest the reader from the World's constant overflow of action and intellect.

We need not remind our readers, perhaps, that we have correspondents, wholly unsurpassed, in the society of New York, and that, through these gifted and refined "mediums," we keep apprised of all that is new, charming or instructive, in the brilliant circles of city life.

For the health, the moral improvement and the religious culture of families, we watchfully gather every new suggestion, and carefully chronicle all signs of Progress and Utility.

By increasing vigilance and industry, and by skill acquired in long and a careful practice, we hope still to keep the Home Journal undisputed as the best Family Newspaper in the world.

TERMS.—For one copy, \$2; for three copies, \$5—or one copy for three years \$5—always in advance. Address MORRIS & WILLIS, Editors and Proprietors, 107 Fulton-st., New York.

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WANTED—Pork, Pelt, Hides, Butter and Pottery, for which the highest CASH price will be paid. Leather—Sole and Upper.

All these articles will be sold reasonable. Call and see.

THE STATE OF OHIO,

Columbiana County, ss.

David Shaffer, dec'd., Probate Court.

Petition to sell lands.

Elizabeth Shaffer, David Shaffer and other heirs of David Shaffer dec'd., whose names are unknown.

You are hereby notified that on the 17th day of December A. 1856, said Administrator filed his Petition in the Probate Court of Columbiana County Ohio. The object and prayer of said Petition is to obtain an order of said Court for assignment of dower to said Elizabeth Shaffer the widow of David Shaffer dec'd., in and also for the sale of the following described real estate of which said David Shaffer died seized to wit: situated in Section No. 32, in Township No. 15 of Range No. 3 in said Columbiana County Ohio, being a part of the middle of the North-East quarter of said section, bounded on the East by lands of Uriah Teegarden, on the South by lands of the same, on the West by lands of same, and on the North by lands owned by Uriah Teegarden, containing six acres of land, more or less. Said Petition will be heard on the 24th day of January A. D. 1857.

By SAUEL W. ORR, his Atty.

December 17th, 1856—4w.

ANTI-SLAVERY TRACTS.

The Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society have issued the following Tracts for gratuitous distribution:

No. 1. The United States Constitution. Examined.

No. 2. White Slavery in the United States.

No. 3. Colonization. By Rev. O. B. Frothingham.

No. 4. Does Slavery Christianize the Negro? By Rev. F. W. Higginson.

No. 5. The Inter-State Slave Trade. By John G. Coffey.

No. 6. The "Rain" of Jamaica. By Richard Hildreth.

No. 7. Revolution the only Remedy for Slavery.

No. 8. To Mothers in the Free States. By Mrs. E. L. Estlin.

No. 9. Influence of Slavery upon the White Population. By a Lady.

No. 10. Slavery and the North. By C. C. Burleigh.

No. 11. Disunion our Wisdom and our Duty. By Rev. Charles E. Hughes.

No. 12. Anti-Slavery Hymns and Songs. By Mrs. E. L. Estlin.

No. 13. The Two Altars; or, Two Pictures in One. By Mrs. Harriet B. Stowe.

No. 14. "How can I Help to Abolish Slavery?" or, Consulate to the Newly Converted. By Maria W. Chapman.

No. 15. What have we, as Individuals, to do with Slavery? By Susan C. Cabot.

No. 16. The American Tract Society; and its Policy of Suppression and Silence.

No. 17. The God of the Bible Against Slavery. By Rev. Charles Beecher.

All donations for the Tract Fund, or for the circulation of any particular Tract of the above series, should be sent to Francis Jackson, Treasurer of the American Anti-Slavery Society, 21 Cornhill, Boston.

Fifty Dollars will stereotype an eight-page tract and print five thousand copies of it.

Application for the above Tracts, for gratuitous distribution, should be made to SAMUEL MAY, Jr., 21 Cornhill, Boston to the Anti-Slavery Offices, 138 Nassau Street New York, and 31 North Street, Philadelphia to J. M. McMillan, Salem, Columbiana Co., Ohio; or to JACOB WATSON, Jr., Adrian, Michigan.

AUGUSTINE DUGANNE writes for The Saturday Evening Post THE RAIL OF BURNED GUNNY, A POLICE OF THE SWISS CANTONS. See Prospectus in another place.

The United States Constitution and its PRO-SLAVERY COMPROMISES.

The Constitution a Pro-Slavery Compact; or, Extracts from the Madison Papers, etc., Selected by WENDELL PHILLIPS. Third Edition, Enlarged. 12mo. 208 pages. Just published by the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, and for sale at 21 Cornhill, Boston. Also at the Anti-Slavery Offices in New York and Philadelphia. Price, in cloth, 50 cts.; in thick paper covers, 37c.